

SOME LETTERS OF BARON VON HÜGEL

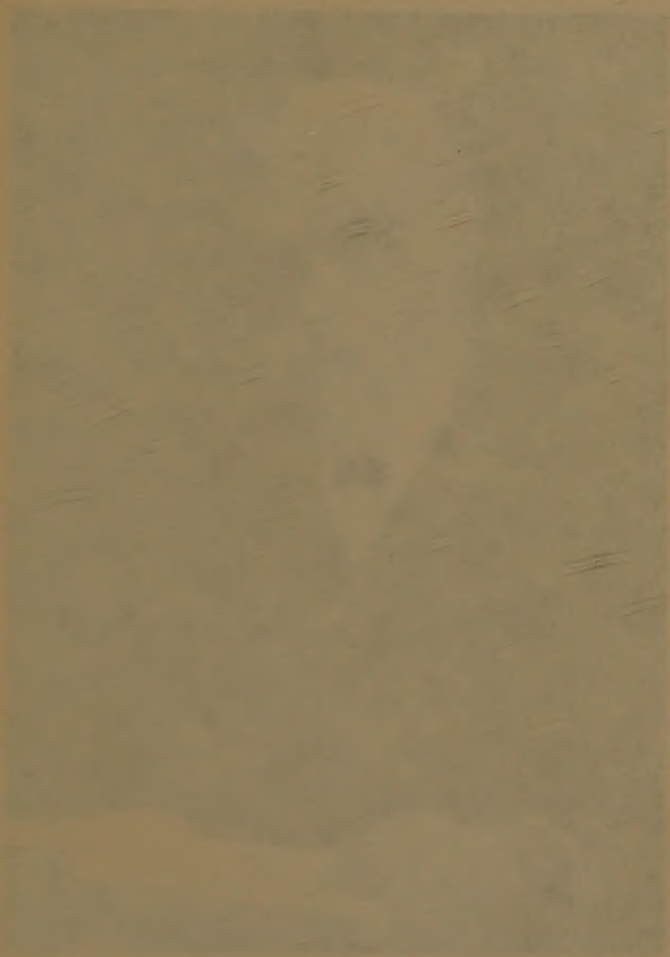
The Reverend W. U. Pittenger
with pleasure

for

James C. Lillie

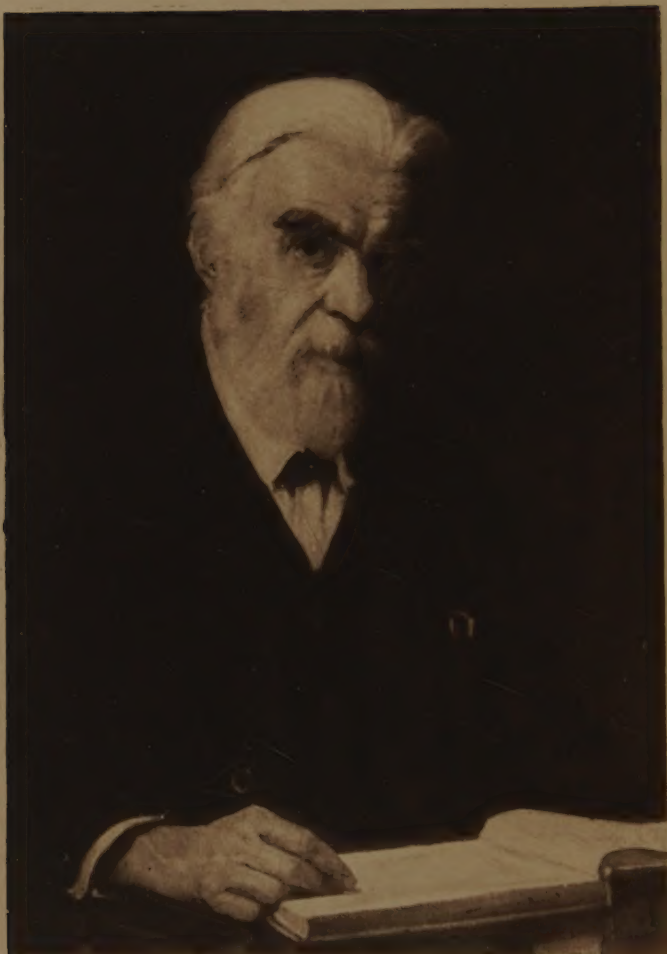
Chicago, February 15 43

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BARON FRIEDRICH VON HÜGEL



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BARON FRIEDRICH VON HÜGEL

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of the University of Chicago*

SOME LETTERS OF
BARON
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DEO GRATIAS



BARON F. VON HÜGEL¹

A GREAT RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHER

FRIEDRICH von Hügel, Baron of the Holy Roman Empire, whose death is announced elsewhere, held a conspicuous place among the thinkers of our time. In him the man of religious fervour was combined in a rare way with the philosopher. It was, indeed, only comparatively late in his life—in his 58th year—that his first book, “The Mystical Element of Religion, as Studied in Saint Catherine of Genoa and Her Friends,” was given to the world, but he had already for a long time exerted an influence, through his wide personal friendships, upon many thinkers and writers, both in England and abroad, and was known as a contributor to various religious and philosophical periodicals.

After the appearance of his first book his thought reached a larger public, and his name became familiar in those circles where vigorous and original thought about religion is valued. A member of the Roman Communion, he was convinced that there was to be found the richest expres-

¹ From the *London Times*, Wednesday, January 28, 1925.

sion of religion. Nevertheless, it is with the "Modernist" movement, which, in the first decade of this century, made so much stir in the Church, that Baron von Hügel's name is especially associated. With George Tyrrell and Alfred Loisy he was connected at that time by ties of friendship and admiration, and although he did not follow them in those later developments of their thought which brought them under ecclesiastical censure—although such censure was never officially passed upon his own writings—his views were generally regarded in his own communion as somewhat risky and eccentric. It was therefore probably outside his own communion that his influence as a thinker was most powerful. In some circles of the Anglican Church he had come to be almost an oracle, while interdenominational bodies, such as the Student Christian Movement, or the Quaker Woodbroke Summer School, congratulated themselves if they could get "the Baron" to give an address or read a paper at one of their gatherings.

It would, however, be an error to identify Baron von Hügel with the movement called "Modernist." He agreed, it is true, with the Modernists generally on questions of Biblical criticism. His article on the Fourth Gospel in the 11th edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" goes as far as Loisy in asserting the unhistorical character of this primitive document of the faith. But in the field of philosophy he was divided from the Modernists by a profound difference of outlook. The immanent view of religion, to which the Modernist movement in many of its exponents tended, was abhorrent to him; his writings were in large part a passionate protest against it. And in the later years of his

life, when some upon whom he had once fixed his hopes for the intellectual enlightenment of Catholicism had been carried in the process of their thought out of Catholicism, and even out of Christianity altogether, it produced in him a noticeable recoil. It led, if not to a change of opinion, at any rate to a change of tone and emphasis. He now laid more stress upon those devotional convictions in which he believed his Church to be right, as against immanentist Modernism, than upon those views as to historical fact, in which he believed the Modernists to be right, as against the prevalent opinion in his Church.

Friedrich von Hügel was born at Florence on May 5, 1852. His father, Baron Karl von Hügel, though of German, not Austrian, blood, was one of the distinguished figures in the Austrian aristocracy of those days—a friend of Metternich's and, at the time of Friedrich's birth, Minister Plenipotentiary at the Grand Ducal Court of Tuscany. He had fought in the Napoleonic Wars and served in the Austrian army against the revolutionaries in 1849. He was also well known as a traveler in the East, a botanist and horticulturist, and had, in 1849, been awarded the patron's medal of the British Royal Geographical Society. Friedrich's mother was a Scot by birth, Elizabeth Farquharson, a niece of Sir James Outram, the hero of the Indian Mutiny. In 1859 the revolution in Italy drove the Grand Duke from the Tuscan throne, and the von Hügel family left Florence. A second son had been born, Baron Anatole, distinguished as an anthropologist, who was Curator of the Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology at Cambridge from 1883 to 1921. In 1860 Baron Karl was appointed

Minister at the Belgian Court, but retired from public life in 1867, and lived at Torquay till his death in 1870. Friedrich was now 18. This year was marked by an inner crisis which he regarded as his conversion to vital religion. His education had been miscellaneous. He was never at any school or university. Although Baroness von Hügel was a convert to the Roman Communion from Presbyterianism, Friedrich and his brother, as small boys, received their religious instruction from an Anglican friend of their mother's, a Miss Redmayne, who taught them the English Church Catechism. At Brussels Friedrich had had as his tutor a Lutheran pastor, while a general supervision over his education was exercised by the German Catholic historian, Alfred von Reumont.¹

An attack of typhus shortly after his father's death left him an invalid for many years, and from this dated the deafness which was to remain for the rest of his life a painful restriction to intercourse. After a year in Vienna he made England his home, and thenceforward it was only for short periods that he visited the Continent. In 1873 he married Lady Mary Catherine Herbert, daughter of Sidney Herbert, Lord Herbert of Lea, and lived for many years at Hampstead; later he removed to 13 Vicarage-gate, Kensington.

He had a keen interest in geology and entomology, but

¹ Baron Anatole von Hügel makes the following corrections: (1) The Anglican governess who taught him and his brother the catechism taught them the Church of England catechism—she was herself an Anglican, but she taught them, by their parents' instruction, the *Roman* catechism; (2) The Lutheran tutor who co-operated in Baron Friedrich's education was a *pastor*: he was not in orders, but a Lutheran layman.

his main studies were connected with religion, and in these he comprised not only philosophy and psychology, but also a critical study of the documents of Scripture and the history behind them. He was grounded in Hebrew by the Roman Catholic scholar, Gustav Bickell, and pursued his studies under a Jewish rabbi. The warmth and generosity of his appreciation made it possible for him to establish contact with men of a standpoint very diverse from his own. He formed personal friendships, by means of correspondence, with such men as the German Catholic Professor Martin Spahn, or with non-Catholics such as Heinrich Holtzmann, the New Testament critic, Rudolf Eucken, the Jena philosopher, and Ernst Troeltsch. But his critical studies led him to opinions, if not irreconcilable with the dogmas of the Catholic Church, at any rate very different from those ordinarily considered orthodox in Catholic society, and it was therefore natural that he was drawn into association with Blondel, Laberthonnière, Duchesne, Loisy, and Semeria. In Father Tyrrell's unhappy and restless career Baron von Hügel played the part of a good angel. At the Catholic Scientific Congress at Fribourg, in 1898, the Baron read a paper on the Hexateuch, which expounded and defended the view generally held by scholars outside the Roman Communion. In his essential religion he came at a critical moment under an influence which thenceforward was to give his soul an anchor, however much his mind might be tossed by intellectual problems—the influence of Abbé Huvelin, Vicaire of Saint-Augustin in Paris. His contact with this remarkable man he regarded as the second great crisis in his religious life. Under Hu-

velin's direction he found it possible to remain in communion with the Roman Church without the feeling of intellectual restriction. In "The Mystical Element of Religion," which appeared in 1909, he examined the sources of the life of Saint Catherine on the same principles which he had applied to the books of Moses and the Synoptic Gospels; but it was also a statement of his own philosophy of religion. A new edition, substantially unaltered but with a new preface, came out in 1923. This book was followed by a smaller one. "Eternal Life," in 1912, originally written as a contribution to Hasting's *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics*.

In 1914 came the war. Hitherto the Baron had remained an Austrian subject, but he now obtained British naturalization, being convinced that right was on the side of the Allies. In 1916 he published a little book entitled "The German Soul in Its Attitude towards Ethics and Christianity, the State and War"—one of the really illuminating contributions to the prolific war literature of those days. He had continued during these last years to write papers on religious subjects for different societies and periodicals, and a number of these he put together in a book which appeared in 1921 with the title "Essays and Addresses on the Philosophy of Religion."

The Baron wrote in a strong and peculiar style. He is not easy to read—long sentences, crowded with parentheses and qualifications, seeming often to be rather a translation from German than cast originally in English, and yet readers are abundantly rewarded not only by the richness and depth of the thought, but because an intense

personal life penetrates the whole mass and makes it glow. Even from a literary point of view, the style is by no means ineffective; it produces effects all the more striking because they are uncommon, and many of his phrases are memorable and splendid. The Baron went repeatedly to Oxford, both before and after the war, to address meetings of senior members and undergraduates, mainly non-Catholics. There were two societies of which he was one of the moving spirits—the Synthetic Society, which came to an end in the early years of this century, and the London Society for the Study of Religion, founded in 1904. Both consisted of a small group of men, representing diverse religious standpoints, who met together to discuss religious problems. Those who heard the Baron speak at one of these meetings will never forget it—the grey hair standing up from his forehead, the large dark eyes in a face as of fine ivory, the divine fire which seemed to fill him, the passionate sense of the reality of God, which broke forth in volcanic utterance, strange bits of slang and colloquialisms mingling with magnificent phrases, and left him, when he ended, exhausted and trembling.

Baron von Hügel had accepted, some four years ago, the Gifford Lectureship, but was compelled by the state of his health to withdraw before any lectures were ready for delivery. He had, however, during the last years of his life been working at a book on the Idea of God, which was to embody what would have been the substance of his Gifford Lectures; and this book, we are glad to know, is sufficiently complete to appear in a form not very different from that which would have been given it by the Baron's

final revision. We may thus look forward to the Baron's giving the world after his death a new weighty utterance on the central problems of religion. In spite of his feeble health, he remained in touch with current religious and philosophical literature, and had often mastered some new French, German, or Italian book before any but a few had heard of it in England. Those who visited him in his study found tables and chairs piled up with recent books and periodicals. In the afternoons the Baron might regularly be seen walking in Kensington Gardens with his little Pekingese dog, from whose habits and mentality he told his friends that he had learnt valuable lessons in philosophy.

In 1920 the Baron received the degree of D.D. from the University of Oxford, and he was also hon. LL.D. of St. Andrews. He had three daughters: one, who married Comte Salamei, died in Rome in 1915; another took the veil as a Carmelite nun; the third remained at home.



*FROM ESSAYS AND ADDRESS ON THE
PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION¹*

*ON THE PRELIMINARIES TO RELIGIOUS BELIEF
AND ON THE FACTS OF SUFFERING
FAITH AND LOVE²*

MY DEAR MRS. N.,

Please allow me, before I attempt to explain some matters of fact and of reality, to suggest to you, with a little detail and vividness, certain habits of mind and certain spiritual practices, which (I am very sure) are simply necessary for any true apprehension of those facts and realities. I do so all the more because, even if I fail altogether in my striving to help you as regards those facts, I shall have been of some use to you if I succeed in winning you, however little, to these general dispositions of soul.

I

These dispositions I have had to gain and to practise for myself, now during forty years; and I am very sure

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² Written to V. N. on the death, after a long illness, of her little daughter of eighteen months, in answer to the question, "how such suffering could be permitted by a God said to be all-good and all-powerful?" January, 1914.

that, if I see at all steadily and profitably, it is owing to these habits of soul. I find them to be three.

1. I write, then, to you at all, only because I believe you to be, or (at least) to wish to be, in the great fundamental disposition in which alone my suggestions, which anyone could make to you as to the facts, can do some little good, and not much harm. That is I assume you to be non-contentious and non-controversial; to be athirst for wisdom, not for cleverness; to be humble and simple, or (at least) to feel a wholesome shame at not being so; to be just *straight*, and anxious for some light, and ready to pay for it and to practise it. I take you to be determined not to stop and worry over such facts or expressions of my communication as you may not understand or may not like; but quietly to move on to, and then to rest and browse amongst, such facts and feelings as here may gently attract and feed your spirit. Drop brain, open wide the soul, nourish the heart, purify, strengthen the will: with this, you are sure to grow; without this, you are certain to shrink.

How much you can learn, as I myself have learnt, from watching cattle dreamily grazing and ruminating in their pastures! See how the sagacious creatures, without any theory or inflation of mind, instinctively select the herbs and grasses that suit and sustain them; and how they peacefully pass by what does not thus help them! They do not waste their time and energy in tossing away, or in trampling upon, or even simply in sniffing at, what is anti-pathetic to them. Why should they? Thistles may not suit *them*; well, there are other creatures in the world whom

thistles *do* suit. And, in any case, are they the police of this rich and varied universe?

You see, no human being can possibly divine, in all respects and degrees, the every want of a fellow-soul, even at any one of this soul's stages. And yet no soul can really advance just simply by itself; either books, or letters, or pictures, or the words or actions of others are, sooner or later, and more or less, always necessary, always indeed operative within us, for good or for evil, or for both. Hence the profound importance for the soul, for every soul, to be, to become, always to re-become, outward-moving, humbly welcoming, generously interpretative. For only thus could even an angel from Heaven help it at all, since thus, and thus only, will it not be *fine* and *blasé*; will it readily see how much is being offered to it by which it can grow and overcome its old self, and even its present self; and will it gratefully accept and utilise that which is now submitted to it, even where it has somewhat to modify, so as to make fit, this valuable help.

Thus I assume that you will nowhere, in what follows, either attempt to force yourself to accept it against your best—your quiet—light and instinct; nor allow yourself to tilt against, and to judge as wrong or false, what does not, at least not at once, bring to your own soul some real light and strength. You will judge it all only as suiting yourself, or as not suiting yourself; and even this much of judging, if you want to grow, will have to be done looking up to God, with a gentle imploring, and not down upon man, with self-sufficingness.

You will never get, you will never deserve to get, light,

unless you become, unless you realise that (at your best) you are:

An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.

In this way the very faults and limitations (sure to be plentifully present) in what follows, will actually become further aids, because occasions of growth, for your soul, since thus you will be stimulated to practise that peace and patience, humility and love without which we cannot really advance in these fundamental quests.

2. My further preliminary is as follows. Gently learn to see the reasonableness, the need, the duty, and quietly strive to gain the habit, of dropping all insistence upon great and continuous clearness—upon *your* degree, *your* kind of evidence in these deepest things. For these things *are* the deepest things, are they not?

Here I mean that, if these things that we are after are not merely figments, or at least mere abstractions, of our brains, but are real in themselves, and distinct from our minds, then they *must be* dim and difficult for our minds—for our analysis and reasoning. Pray get this point quite definite and firm,—that to require clearness in proportion to the concreteness, to the depth of reality, of the subject-matter is an impossible position,—I mean a thoroughly unreasonable, a self-contradictory habit of mind.

This is so, because only abstract ideas, and only numerical and spatial relations are quite clear, utterly undeniable, and instantly transferable from soul to soul; and these ideas and relations are thus entirely transparent, be-

cause they do not involve any affirmation of particular existences (or realities)—at least they do not directly involve any such affirmation. Thus, for instance, “largeness,” “smallness,” “fullness,” “emptiness,” and, again, “one,” two,” “seven”; “five and five are ten,” “six times six are thirty-six,” “the part is smaller than the whole,” “a straight line is the shortest route between any two points”; “one extended thing cannot occupy the same space as another similarly extended thing”: all this is absolutely clear. It is all absolutely clear, yes; but just because here we have nowhere affirmed the *existence* or *reality* of anything whatsoever. We have only asserted that our mind possesses the ideas of “largeness,” “smallness,” “fullness,” “emptiness”; but whether anything distinct from our mind, and of these ideas of our mind, exists in correspondence to these ideas—*that* remains quite unsettled. We have, again, affirmed that *if* there exist realities, say apples, we can number them as one, two, seven apples; and if there exist five eggs and other five eggs, then the total of all these eggs will be ten; and if there exist six sets of six nuts each, we shall have a collection of thirty-six nuts. But whether there really exists one single apple, one single egg or nut, not all this clearness and neat reasoning has established in the very least.

All stands differently, indeed contrariwise, with affirmations of real existence, and of real qualities attaching to such existences.

As you doubtless know, even the reality of any outside world—especially the existence of material objects—of sun and moon, of rocks and rivers—their existence, or (at least)

that we can at all know that they exist—has been denied by philosophers of distinction. And we have to admit that it is a complicated and tedious business to prove these philosophers to be wrong; that no one argument quotable against them is, taken alone, entirely clear and utterly irresistible.

Again, most philosophers deny that we, human individuals, possess any direct knowledge of the nature, the character of other human individuals, however near and dear to us; they maintain that our knowledge, in all such cases, is always of ourselves alone, and that we then get, beyond this our sole real knowledge, only our ever faulty and fallible interpretation of essentially ambiguous signs—of peculiarities of gesture, tone, look, which reach us, or seem to reach us, from those other beings. I believe myself that, where we love, we possess, or can develop, direct instinct and intuition in such matters. Nevertheless, however the case may really stand, the process, indeed the result itself, of our knowledge of our fellows, is not simple and clear. On the contrary, the process is most subtle and complex; and the result, at its best, is indeed most rich and vivid, but distinctly not simple and “clear”—it can be resisted even by ourselves, and it can only very rarely be transferred, with any ease, to others, however closely these others may be connected with us.

Certainly with regard to animals—even with respect to our dogs that we know and love best, we are often in the dark as to what is their momentary disposition and requirement. But how instructive it is to watch precisely such animals thus dear to us—I mean their knowledge and love



of us, and their need of us and of our love! Our dogs know us and love us, human individuals, from amongst millions of fairly similar other individuals. Our dogs know us and love us thus most really, yet they doubtless know us only vividly, not clearly; we evidently strain their minds after a while—they then like to get away amongst servants and children; and, indeed, they love altogether to escape from human company, the rich and dim, or (at best) the vivid experiences—the company that is above them, to the company of their fellow-creatures, the company that affords so much poorer but so much clearer impressions—the level company of their brother-dogs. And yet, how wonderful! dogs thus require their fellow-dogs, the shallow and clear, but they also require us, the deep and dim; they require indeed what they can grasp; but they as really require what they can but reach out to, more or less—what exceeds, protects, envelopes, directs them. And, after a short relaxation in the dog-world, they return to the bracing of the man-world.

Now pray note how if religion is right—if what it proclaims as its source and object, if God be real, then this Reality, as superhuman, *cannot possibly* be clearer to us than are the realities, and the real qualities of these realities, which we have been considering. The source and object of religion, if religion be true and its object be real, *cannot, indeed, by any possibility, be as clear to me even as I am to my dog.* For the cases we have considered deal with realities inferior to our own reality (material objects, or animals), or with realities level to our own reality (fellow human beings), or with realities no higher above ourselves

than are we, finite human beings, to our very finite dogs. Whereas, in the case of religion—if religion be right—we apprehend and affirm realities indefinitely superior in quality and amount of reality to ourselves, and which, nevertheless (or rather, just because of this), anticipate, penetrate and sustain us with a quite unpicturable intimacy. The obscurity of my life to my dog, must thus be greatly exceeded by the obscurity of the life of God to me. Indeed the obscurity of plant life—so obscure for my mind, because so indefinitely inferior and poorer than is my human life—must be greatly exceeded by the dimness, for my human life, of God—of His reality and life, so different and superior, so unspeakably more rich and alive, than is, or ever can be, my own life and reality.

You may well ask here: “But what protection, then, do you leave me against mere fancy and superstition? Will we not, thus, come to believe, to pretend to believe, in reality *because* the affirmations of it are obscure? And are not all sorts of nonsense, of bogies, of chimeras, obscure? What evidence, then, remains for these, the most sweeping and important of all affirmations? Ought we not to be careful, indeed exacting, as to proof, exactly in proportion to the importance of the matters that solicit our adhesion? And how otherwise can we be careful than in demanding clearness for the proof, in precise proportion to the importance of the subject-matter?”

The answer here is not really difficult, I think.

Note, pray, how Darwin acquired certainty, and remark the nature of the certainty he acquired, concerning the character, the habits, indeed (in part) the very exist-

ence of fly-trap plants and of orchids, of earthworms and of humming-birds. He was always loving, learning, watching; he was always "out of himself," doubling himself up, as it were, so as to penetrate these realities so much lowlier than himself, so different from himself. He had never done and finished; what he learnt to-day had to be re-learnt, to be supplemented and corrected to-morrow, yet always with the sense that what he had learnt was, not his own mind and its fancies and theories, but realities and their real qualities and habits. His life thus moved out into other lives. And what he thus discovered was, not clear, but vivid; not simple, but rich; not readily, irresistibly transferable to other minds, but only acquirable by them through a slow self-purification and a humble, loving observation and docility like unto his own. His own conclusions deserved, and indeed demanded credit, because so many different facts, facts often widely apart from each other, converged to these conclusions; and because, on the other hand, these same conclusions, once accepted, illumined so large a body of other facts—facts which, otherwise, remained quite dark or strange anomalies. Indeed these conclusions, once accepted, led on to the discovery of numerous facts which had been unknown, unsuspected until then. Yet these very conclusions, since this is the process and the nature of their proof, were not and are not irresistible at any one moment and because of any one single fact or argument. Indeed, to this hour, even the most reasonably assured of the conclusions of Darwin have certain clear objections against them, objections which we cannot solve. So also even Copernicanism—that mathematically clear

doctrine concerning the rotation of the earth around the sun—has certain objections standing over against it, which we cannot solve.

So it always is, in various degrees, with all our knowledge and certainly concerning existences, realities, and concerning the real qualities and nature of these realities. We get to know such realities slowly, laboriously, intermittently, partially; we get to know them, not inevitably nor altogether apart from our dispositions, but only if we are sufficiently awake to care to know them, sufficiently humble to welcome them, and sufficiently generous to pay the price continuously which is strictly necessary if this knowledge and love are not to shrink but to grow. We indeed get to know realities, in proportion as we become worthy to know them,—in proportion as we become less self-occupied, less self-centered, more outward-moving, less obstinate and insistent, more gladly lost in the crowd, more rich in giving all we have, and especially all we are, our very selves. And we get to know that we really know these realities, by finding our knowledge (dim, difficult, non-transferable though it be) approving itself to us as fruitful; because it leads us to further knowledge of the realities thus known, or of other realities even when these lie apparently quite far away; and all this, in a thoroughly living and practical, in a concrete, not abstract, not foretellable, in a quite inexhaustible way.

Thus we find, through actual experience and through the similar experiences of our fellow-men, that the right and proper test for the adequacy of abstractions and of spatial, numerical, mechanical relations is, indeed, clearness and ready transferableness; but that the appropriate

test for the truth concerning existences and realities is vividness (richness) and fruitfulness. The affirmations which concern abstractions and relations may be ever so empty and merely conditional; if they are clear and readily transferable, they are appropriate and adequate. The affirmations which concern existences and realities may be ever so dim and difficult to transmit; if they are rich and fruitful, they are appropriate and true. Thus in neither set of affirmations do we assent without evidence and proof; but in each set we only require the *kind* of evidence and proof natural to this particular set. And our exactingness can increase, ought indeed to increase, with the increase in the importance of the affirmations put forward within either set. But in the mathematical abstract set, I will require more and more clearness and ready transferableness, the wider and the more universal is the claim of a particular proposition; whereas in the existential concrete set I will require, in proportion to the importance of the existence affirmed, more and more richness and fruitfulness (I mean fruitfulness also in fields and levels other than those of the particular reality affirmed).

Of course, whether or no the affirmations of religion are thus, not indeed clear, but vivid (rich)? and, not indeed readily transferable, but deeply and widely fruitful? is here in no way or degree prejudged. We are only busy, so far, with our method and our standard,—not with the answer we shall get, but with the question we have a right to ask. And though even with this method and standard—with these by themselves—we may be unable to acquire religion, we most certainly will never gain religion without them,

and still less in opposition to them. Without the acceptance of such a temper of mind, or at least without striving after, or some wish for, such a disposition, it is worse than waste of time to enter upon the questions of fact; worse than simple waste,—because we are then certain to come away from such a study more rebellious and empty, or more despairing and bitter, or considerably more sceptical, than we came or could come to it.

3. In writing out for you these experiences that are continually before me, I think I have been leading up, quite naturally, to the last predisposition which I myself strive hard to practise, and which I will now invite you to appreciate and attempt. Those two habits of mind are indeed the necessary preparations for this last and third habit, or rather they readily issue in a third habit—the one I would now propose. Ever since I have had, ever since I *could* have children, I have felt myself a creature enriched with the noble duty of giving on the largest scale—with the obligation to possess a reserve of light and life and love—a reserve for dearest little beings who would not have existed but for myself. I have not, it is true, created these beings; yet it was because I chose to marry, to be and to act as a husband and a possible father, that these particular beings became possible, and that, when they actually came, they possessed many a physical and temperamental peculiarity of my own, good, bad and mixed. And if I, and still more my wife, possess thus a unique share and responsibility, under God, in the physical existence, and even in the psychical peculiarities of our children, have I not, has she not, a deep, indeed unique, share and responsibility, under

God, in their spiritual life, spiritual health and spiritual growth?

Of course, I know well how often facts confront us which seem to show that the care of parents, precisely in these deepest matters, avails nothing, indeed that it tends to irritate the children and to drive them the other way. I know well, too, how widespread just now is the theory, and still more the tacit assumption, that all such spiritual matters are unfitted to children, that human beings can understand them at all, and can judge them in any way fairly, only when they are grown men, and hence that our children have the right, when they *are* grown men, to find themselves facing these questions quite unfettered by early bias in any direction.

And yet our own deepest instincts and experiences, once they are at all awake to the teeming possibilities, for good and for evil, of our children, and especially as we become alive and sensitive to the deeper and deepest realities, to the religious Realities, cannot sincerely and abidingly acquiesce in these or similar cold, and even cynical calculations. For nothing is more certain than that, if children can easily be taught too many practices and too many doctrines, or can be taught even but few practices and doctrines in a thoroughly inappropriate way; if, as they grow older, we can easily drive them away by much reasoning or by want of alert understanding of their wants, which are always largely quite individual: nevertheless, these same children are immensely impressionable to *personality*, not indeed to what those around them say or even do, but to what they *are* and to whether or not these seniors are

simple and sincere, and full of love or no. Thus what every child requires is life and love,—life and love offered to it long before any explanation or analysis; the child requires such overflowing love as freely as it requires the mother's breast. And for the purposes of the child's hungry soul, the mother's soul must possess, must it not?, the spiritual food, just as, for the infant's hungry body, the mother's breast must possess the appropriate physical food. And the history of great souls shows, upon the whole very plainly I think, how profound has been, in most cases, the influence of, not what the mother taught or said or did, but what she *was*.

Now if it is important that we poor parents should thus *be*, we must lead lives of faith, of trust, of risk. All spiritual life and love have ever to begin afresh, and thus, only thus, they discover, indeed create conditions, if old yet ever new, and if countless yet unique. And see, how delightful! The very predispositions, the habits of mind, which we have found to be simply necessary for our own awakening and growth as individual souls, turn out here to be precisely the dispositions which fit us to understand and to awaken our children. For we have, from the first, been seeking, not even truth, but reality; not a system or a theory, nothing abstruse or straining. Indeed we have not found, even as to method, more than that we must learn peacefully to browse amongst, and instinctively to select from, the foods, or seeming foods, proposed to our souls; and that we must seek reality and its knowledge in action and through self-purification, and must find the tests of what is reality and what is its knowledge in the vividness (richness) and in the

fruitfulness of what claims to be spiritually true and spiritually known. Yet these means and tests, if we but practise them humbly, silently, generously, more and more instinctively, will certainly make us deeper, homelier, more genial, better: they will bring us into ever closer and wider contact with our children; they cannot, of themselves, annoy or strain even the most sensitive of these our little ones.

Oh, may we become ever richer in self-giving, in the joy and perpetual youth of its ever extending, its unspeakable delights! The children's Father indeed, he too can be, and ought to become, such a self-giver; but what cannot and ought not the Mother to be and to become in these magnificent respects? Yet neither Father nor Mother will ever become thus truly rich except they become poor and little in their own eyes; and, again, they will never become thus sufficiently, profoundly little, except with and because of the consciousness of God, the great Reality which then so solidly sustains and so delightfully dwarfs them. Only prostrate at the foot of "the world's great altar-stairs" will the parent become and remain sufficiently humble, homely and holy for his or her unique sufferings, joys and duties, to bud and blossom as they are silently required to flourish by the souls of their little ones.

II

As to the facts, I will attempt to be very short, since if you have accepted, and are practising, or even trying to practise, the three dispositions described at some length, you will discover, I think, that the answers—the "explana-

tions"—as to these facts—the kind and degree of answers and “explanations” we thus require for (and in) a humble and homely, warm and working action and self-donation, will largely suggest themselves, more or less untaught, to your own heart.

1. There is, then, your impression that Happiness indeed helps us to believe in a Higher Power, and that your own years of happiness were gradually building up some kind and degree of Faith within you; but that Suffering acts contrariwise—that this your keen, deep trouble has swept all that budding faith away.

How natural, inevitable is this impression—at least until we awaken, very widely and sensitively, to the wonderful witness of history and to the no less mysterious testimony of our own deepest spirit, and, through these evidences, to another, a fuller set of truths!

For if I look back upon the long and varied history of mankind, and if I call to mind the numerous souls, of the most different races, temperament, social grade, education, whom I have known intimately well, what do I see? I see, as a mysterious but most real, most undeniable fact—that it is precisely the deepest, the keenest sufferings, not only of body but of mind, not only of mind but of heart, which have occasioned the firmest, the most living, the most tender faith. It was during the desolation and unspeakable cruelties of the Assyrian and Babylonian Exiles, that Jeremiah learnt the love of God as written, not on tables of stone, but on the living heart of man; that Ezechiel realised God to be the Good Shepherd going after His wandering, weary and lost sheep; and that—doubtless then—

Psalms were composed of an unspeakable magnificence of unconquerable certainty as to God, the soul's unfailing refuge, its one sure lover and support. It was under the awful persecution by King Antiochus Epiphanes that the Maccabees developed their grand faith. It was more even than by the peaceful lake and on the quiet mountain side—it was in Gethsemane and on Calvary that the trust and love of Jesus awoke to their fullest. And so, in their lesser, various degrees with Stephen and St. Paul; and, under the Emperor Hadrian, with the touching Jewish martyr, Rabbi Akiba. Christianity at large grew spiritually deep and tender under the terrible early persecutions lasting, with few breaks, during some two hundred years and more. The faith and fervour of the Jews, since their dispersion, has, very certainly, suffered but little because of the persecutions they endured, deeply unjust though these persecutions substantially were; their faith and fervour, as in the case of Christians, have suffered far more from worldly prosperity where and when this has come. Thus also the German people, largely sceptical when the first Napoleon woke them up to pain and humiliation, learnt again to pray, and, in the strength as much of faith in God as of love of country, effected their national liberation.

And case upon case has passed, in real life, before my eyes, of awful physical suffering (I am thinking of my own dear sister), of deep anguish of soul (I am thinking of a sweet saint of God, a washerwoman whose feet I wish I could become worthy to kiss), of various other, all delicately individual cases, in which sometimes (only slowly and after imperfect beginnings, sometimes heartwholly from

the first) the soul's faith, service, love, devotedness, tenderest abandonment, and acceptance of God, of His will, of His beauty, so largely hidden behind these black bars and dread purifications, were splendidly, magnificently awakened and sustained.

And pray note particularly that *of course* suffering merely as such, suffering alone does not, cannot soften or widen any soul; it can thus, of itself and alone, only harden, narrow and embitter it. Hence what I here witness to,—and these facts are as certain as that the earth spins round the sun,—is explicable only by the presence, the operation of a power, a reality, so immensely powerful and real as to counteract and greatly to exceed the suffering and this suffering's natural effects. This power comes from God,—comes, and can come, only from the fact that He exists—that He exists most really, and that His reality and aid are more real and more sustaining by far than is all this suffering and all the soul's natural sensitiveness and weakness in face of such dread pain.

I take, then, your impression to be most natural, but not yet to reach the great facts and depths of history at large, of individual souls still now around us, nor, at bottom, of your own spirit even as it is already,—for is not, already now, this your distress at the apparent loss of all your budding faith, a very sure sign that you still possess some very real faith, pressing to be more?

2. There is also your *most* natural, indeed, your absolutely true thought “one cannot reconcile these things with any theory of a ‘loving’ Father.” And you feel that “Faith must somehow come to terms with the enigma of suffering.”

Here again I look first at the large facts across history, and then to my experience of many souls, including my own. And everywhere thus without me and within me I see that Christianity has, from the first, been very precisely fronting and overcoming the enigma of suffering. True, Christianity has not "explained" suffering and evil; no one has done so, no one can do so,—Christianity has no more done so than any of the philosophies or sciences, although, unfortunately, apologists for religion too often speak and write as though Christianity had really done so, or, at least, as though it could do so. Here once more all the exigencies of "clearness" are thoroughly out of place. Yet Christianity, in further articulation of many a deep intuition in the Exilic writings of the Old Testament, has done two things with regard to suffering—two things quite other indeed than "explanation," yet two things greater, more profound and profitable for us than ever could be such a satisfaction of our thirst for clear intellectual comprehension.

Christianity, then, has, from the first, immensely deepened and widened, it has further revealed, not the "explanation"—which never existed for us men,—but the fact, the reality, the awful potency and baffling mystery of sorrow, pain, sin, things which abide with man across the ages. And Christianity has, from the first, immensely increased the capacity, the wondrous secret and force which issues in a practical, living, loving transcendence, utilisation, transformation of sorrow and pain, and even of sin. It is the literal fact, as demonstrable as anything that has happened or will happen to our human race can ever be, that Christianity, after some two centuries of the most terrific

opposition, conquered—that it conquered in an utterly fair fight—a fight fair as regards the Christian success,—the philosophy of Greece and the power of Rome; indeed that it even conquered Gnosticism, that subtle New Paganism of the thousand elusive hues and forms, that Protean error so very dear to all over-ripe, *blasé* civilisations. It is the simple fact that Christianity conquered; and it is equally the simple fact that it did so, above all because of what it actually achieved with regard to suffering.

For Christianity, without ever a hesitation, from the first and everywhere, refused to hold, or even to tolerate, either the one or the other of the two only attempts at self-persuasion which, then as now, possess souls that suffer whilst they have not yet found the deepest. Christianity refused all Epicureanism,—since man cannot find his deepest by fleeing from pain and suffering, and by seeking pleasure and pleasures, however dainty and refined. And it refused all Stoicism,—since pain, suffering, evil are not fancies and prejudices, but real, very real; and since man's greatest action and disposition is not self-sufficingness or aloofness, but self-donation and love. Christianity refused these theories, not by means of another theory of its own, but simply by exhibiting a Life and lives—the Life of the Crucified, and lives which continually re-live, in their endless various lesser degrees and ways, such a combination of gain in giving and of joy in suffering. Christianity thus gave to souls the faith and strength to grasp life's nettle. It raised them, in their deepest dispositions and innermost will, above the pitiful oscillations and artificialities of even the greatest of the Pagans in this central matter,—between

eluding, ignoring pain and suffering, and, animal-like, seeking life in its fleeting, momentary pleasures; or trying the nobler yet impossible course,—the making out that physical, mental, moral pain and evil are nothing real, and the suppressing of emotion, sympathy and pity as things unworthy of the adult soul. Christianity did neither. It pointed to Jesus with the terror of death upon Him in Gethsemane; with a cry of desolation upon the Cross on Calvary; it allowed the soul, it encouraged the soul to sob itself out. It not only taught men frankly to face and to recognise physical and mental pain, death, and all other, especially all moral evils and sufferings as very real; it actually showed men the presence and gravity of a host of pains, evils and miseries which they had, up to then, quite ignored or at least greatly minimised. And yet, with all this—in spite of all such material for despair, the final note of Christianity was and is still, one of trust, of love, of transcendent joy. It is no accident, but of the very essence of the mystery and of the power of faith, it springs from the reality of God and of His action within men's souls, that, as the nobly joyous last chapters of Isaiah (Chap. xl. to the end) contain also those wondrous utterances of the man of sorrows, so also the serenity of the Mount of the Beatitudes leads, in the Gospels, to the darkness of Calvary.

Pray believe me here: it is to Christianity that we owe our deepest insight into the wondrously wide and varied range throughout the world, as we know it, of pain, suffering, evil; just as to Christianity we owe the richest enforcement of the fact that, in spite of all this, God *is*, and that He is good and loving. And this enforcement Chris-

tianity achieves, at its best, by actually inspiring soul after soul, to believe, to love, to live this wondrous faith.

Hence all attempts to teach Christianity anything on this central matter of pain and suffering would be, very literally, to "teach one's grandmother to suck eggs." For the very existence of the problem—I mean man's courage to face it, together with sensitiveness as to its appalling range and its baffling mystery—we owe, not to philosophy nor to science, still less to their own untutored hearts, but to religion—above all to the Jewish and Christian religion.

And note, please, that the alternative is not between "this or that non-religious view, denial, or scepticism which *does* explain suffering and evil," and "religious faith, especially Christianity, which *does not* explain them." No: this is a purely imaginary alternative: for there is no unbelief as there is no faith, there is no science as there is no popular tradition, which does or can explain these things. The real alternative is: "irreligion, which still oscillates between Epicureanism and Stoicism, systems which remain variously unreal and unhuman with regard to suffering, and which know only how to evade or to travesty pain and to deny sin," and "religion, which fully fronts, indeed extends and deepens indefinitely our sense of, suffering and sin, and which, nevertheless, alone surmounts and utilises them." Thus once again, not clearness, not any ready transferableness, but efficacious power and integrating comprehensiveness appear as the true, decisive tests.

3. You feel—this is your keenest, yet also your most fruitful suffering—that what has happened is cruel, cruel; is what yourself, you, imperfect as you are, would have

given your life to prevent. How, then, you wistfully ask, can you possibly love and trust such a power, if it exist at all,—a power, which, in this case, shows itself so deaf to the most elementary and legitimate, to the most sacred of your longings and your prayers? You possessed the darling, and you loved and served it with all you were; who possesses and tends it now?

How I understand! how keen, how cutting is this pang!

And I look around me, and again I see a similar bewildering contrast repeated upon an immense scale. I remember, in our own day, the earthquake at Messina, with its thousands of cases of seemingly quite undeserved, quite unmitigated anguish, when our own admittedly most imperfect, badly bungling humanity and governments appeared, as so many small dwarfs of pity, alone pitiful, against this awful background of grim havoc and blind fury and cruelty. And, of course, we could all of us add case upon case from history and from our own experience of souls. But please note well. Where does the keenness of this our scandal come from? Why do we, in all such cases, suffer such feelings of shock and outrage? What makes us, in the midst of it all, persist in believing, indeed persist in acting (with great cost) on the belief, that love and devotedness are utterly the greatest things we know, and deserve the sacrifice of all our earthly gifts, of our very life? Whence comes all this?—The case is, I think, quite parallel with that as to trust in reality generally. Why is it, as to such trust and such reality, that even the most hardened of the sceptics continue to trouble themselves and to trouble us all, if not as to truth, at least as to truthfulness?

Why is untruthfulness so very odious? Untruthfulness is certainly most convenient. Why indeed does every at all sane mind find it so intolerable to hold itself to be completely shut up within its own impressions, to admit that these impressions are nothing but illusions, or, at least, are utterly worthless as indications of realities other than its own? Whence springs the suffering—the most keen suffering—of the thought of being thus shut up, if we *are*, in fact, thus shut up within our own purely subjective impressions and fancies? The answer, surely, is that we thus suffer because, in fact, we are *not* thus shut up, because we *do* communicate with realities other than ourselves, and hence that these realities so impress and affect us that only by a painful effort can we, violently and artificially, treat those realities as mere fanciful projections of our own.

Similarly, if there is no source and standard of love, of pity, of giving, of self-donation,—a source and standard abiding, ultimate, distinct from, deeper than ourselves, a source Itself loving, Itself a Lover, and which, somehow profoundly penetrative of ourselves, keeps us poor things, rich with at least this sense of our poverty and with this our inability to abandon love (that very costly thing) as a chimera or a mere fleeting vibration of our nerves: if there is not such a more than human (deeper and higher than human) source and standard, then the real, actual situation becomes wholly rootless and unreasonable, precisely in what it has of admittedly greatest, of most precious and most significant.

Thus, both in the matter of Truth and Reality and in the matter of Love and a Lover, we suffer, when scepticism

assails us, because we are *not* simply shut up within our own fancies, because (mysteriously yet most actually) we are penetrated and moved by God, the Ultimate Reality and Truth, the Ultimate Lover and Goodness. We are moved by Him Who *is*, Who is before ever we were, Who is with us from the beginning of our existence, Who is always the first in operation whenever there is interaction between Him and us. Because He *is*, we have our unconquerable sense of Reality; because He is Love and Lover, we cannot let love go. And it is He Who made the mother's heart; it is, not simply her love, but, in the first instance, His love, with just some drops of it fallen into the mother's heart, which produce the standard within her which cries out against all that is, or even looks like, blindness and cruel fate.

For remember, please, it is not Judaism, not Christianity, not any kind of Theism that bids us, or even allows us, to hold and to accept as good in themselves the several painful or cruel or wrong things that happen in this our complicated, difficult life. None of these convictions worship Nature, or the World-as-a-whole; they all, on the contrary, find much that is wrong in Nature as we know it, and in the World-as-a-whole as we actually find it. All such believers worship and adore not Nature but God—the love and the action of God within and from behind the world, but not as though this love and action were everywhere equally evident, not as though they directly willed, directly chose, all things that happen and as they happen. On the contrary: these great religions leave such a pure optimism to absolute Idealist philosophers, and to rhapsodising

pantheists and poets; and these religions believe such views, wheresoever they are taken as ultimate, to be either shallow and unreal, or sorry travesties of the facts.

If, then, I be asked to whom I confide those I love when, after much utterly ineffectual-seeming devotion of my heart, I have seen them suffer fearfully and disappear from my own care and longing, I answer that I confide them to that Reality and Love, to that Real Lover, whose reality and lovingness and penetration of my heart alone make possible and actual my own poor persistent love. Thus my very bitterness and despair over the apparent insult flung at my love by the world as I know it, turns out to be but one more effect of the reality and operativeness of God, and more reason (again not clear, not readily transferable, but rich and fruitful) for believing and trusting in Him, in Love, the Lover.

Please, in conclusion, to forgive the great length of these leisurely browsings which I love to feel have had to be snatched from hard-worked, laboriously crowded days. And pray be very sure of how keenly I have suffered and I still suffer with your suffering. I beg God to bless these poor little pages, and anything else that may offer itself to you with possibilities of help within it. And I will patiently but unconquerably continue to believe that, in ways and degrees known to God alone, you will attain to Christian humility and trust, to Christian faith, hope and love, —to the joy of utter self-dedication.

Yours very sincerely,

FRIEDRICH VON HÜGEL



LETTERS TO F. C. L.

13 VICARAGE GATE
March 13, 1920

DEAR MRS. LILLIE:

It is truly kind of you to write to me thus. Your letter of Feb. 3rd reached Edinburgh on March 8th and myself here a day later. It is letters such as this, and hardly ever reviews, that make writing worth its while to the natural man, and in so far as he writes with any thought of eventually having a response to his labors. I thank you also for the interesting photographs; these, with what you typed for me, and still more what you add in sheer manuscript, seem to make me know you really well, though, of course, not exhaustively. Let me, then, attempt two or three discriminations for you, such as I feel may help you. But pray do not strain over them; if they readily find a place in your heart and conscience, good, get them to grow there; if they don't fit, well, again, I will have meant well and you will forgive!

1. Catholicism at its best, in its depths (not always, not often, visible), retains certain intuitions and fruitfulnesses of the supernatural order, which Protestantism has never

securely gained, and which, if it were alone in the world, might cease to have an institutional home. Take the world-fleeing noble ascetical, monastic pole or element of the Christian (indeed, of any deep), life. I yesterday saw a sikh convert to Christianity (was received by the Haficaas, thirteen years ago). This Sundar Singh felt called, a month after his baptism, to the Sadhu life—that of an itinerant, penniless, celibate preacher; took the vow of this, and has kept it ever since. Now what interested me so deeply in his history was to note that Bible and ecclesiastical Protestant missionaries of India have had great difficulty in accepting him, and have had to work hard to interpret him. Why? Because, as he is well aware himself, he is neither more or less than a Friar, à la St. Francis; and because poor dear Protestantism, as such, is simply without the sense that *that* is just simply what our Lord and His followers did and were, and that something of the sort is an essential of full Christianity. Of course, no Catholic, indeed no Greek, or Russian, or Oriental, Church Christian, would have the slightest difficulty. As I told him, a Christian *Sadhu* (a Dominican Friar) first helped me to God when I was eighteen; how could I boggle at *him*, another *Sadhu*, now that I am sixty-seven?

Another point which Catholicism has still quite alive, and which *Church* Protestantism has strangely little of, is the sense that religion is not a department of the civil service, as the late Lord Houghton so touchingly used to say it is. In the midst of their absorption in the question as to whether Romanism is, or is not, loyal to the state,

most Protestants have been curiously without the sense that Christianity was, for the first three centuries, an outlawed religion.

And a third point appears clearly in the pages of Pope Benedict XIV of his great book on the Beatification and Canonization of the servants of God. You will there find that (not for beatification, but) for canonization, of the formal Roman kind, not three but four conditions are necessary: (1) popular extant cultus; (2) three well attested miracles; (3) three well attested heroic acts; and (4) the *note of joy* in the life and influence of the person who may be as melancholy *by natural temperament* as possible, but who must, somehow, be bracing, be expansive. This last requisite—the requiring it—seems to me nothing short of spiritual genius—don't you think so? I know, of course, that God has Friends of His everywhere; yet I doubt whether Protestantism has produced more, or anything like as much, of such joy as it has produced of rigorist or moralistic piety.

2. Catholicism was, in *Aquinas's*, and even still in *More's* time, a great intellectual culture and rich mental training school, as well as the home of saints; but, since, say, 1720, and still more, since the French Revolution, it has shrunk more and more to being, usually and easily just that home; the culture and the school lie now, very largely, elsewhere; and, I do not say to gain, but even fully to retain, such culture and such training within the Roman communion is now distinctly difficult. But pray let us have no exaggeration; though they are all *un peu à côté*, though they do not dominate the popular presentation of the Cath-

olic faith, ripe scholars and often minds exist sure enough now still within that great Church.

3. You have no business to abandon Protestantism, simply because it does not help or satisfy you much; nor to embrace Catholicism because it attracts you much more. You would deserve to find Rome an utter disappointment, if you came like that! Your one sufficient, and really compelling motive, would be your feeling that you *must*, that you *would be committing sin* by not coming. In that case you would leave alone all the petty calculating as to whether, and how far, and in what way, your Protestant mind would be understood, or refinements of mind would not be outraged, etc. For God Who was freeing you, and Whose pressure you would be following, would see to all that. But *I entirely agree* that, until and unless you have that quiet but definite Divine order, these "Roman Catholic vulgarities," etc., would matter greatly, would be a great danger for you. Better a thousand times that you remain where you are, striving hard to be faithful to all such helps as you may have, than to come to Rome, and to leave it again.

I venture to enclose a little prayer card for my darling eldest daughter, who died the death of a saint on St. Clare's Day, 1915.

Yours, dear Mrs. Lillie, with prayers and good wishes for your deepest peace.

(BARON) F. VON HÜGEL

P.S.

You might possibly find some interest and help in an article of mine "The Convictions Common to Catholicism and Protestantism" in the *Homiletic Review*, New York:

Funk and Wagnalls, September, 1917. I disliked furnishing that photograph, but they insisted! The opening is too solemn; but they wrote as tho' I was to appear in a volume of essays. I was instructed to write for the Centenary of Luther's Theses on the church door of Wittenberg, Eve of the Saints, 1517. Hence the prominence of Luther.

I cannot procure this article for you here.

✱ ✱ ✱

13 VICARAGE GATE
October 13

Your own very interesting letter, from on board the *France* reached me just seventy-two hours ago. I would have answered sooner but could not.

I am struck in your case, once more, with the now fairly frequent great attraction to the Church, the Beloved Community, the world-wide congregation of believers, with little or no attraction to—indeed with perplexity concerning—Christ and even God. I have no doubt myself that this special combination will not last, I do not mean in your life, but amongst souls at large. The Church will again be loved for other than itself, for Christ, love made visible, and for God, our Home. But indeed, in your case at least, I have no arresting fear on this point. After all, even now you love to be amongst, you wish to be one of these—not merely good people, not merely lovers of their kind but—believers. Believers in what? Why, in Christ and God. You want these believers because in their company you find belief possible, even easy; and because you feel (oh so rightly) that by belonging to them you can, in a very real

way and measure supplement your dimness of spiritual vision by the vividness of their seeing love. Bravo!

You will remember asking me for an introduction to any Priest in Paris I could specially recommend and that I answered rather making my responding or not depend upon whether or no you had been received before you reached Paris. It is plain that you have not been—I dare say very wisely. But I think it can do no harm if I enclose a card of introduction from me to one Priest in Paris—the one I can think of as now there and known to me and likely to be able to help you in one way or the other. You see my great light and help there was Abbé Huvelin. And how I should have loved to introduce you to that dear Saint! He would have understood you better far than you have ever known yourself, within five minutes; and the bracing, the expansion he would have transmitted would have remained with you as long as you lived. But then that dear Saint has gone Home. And I do not know of any Saint now living in Paris (depend upon it there are two or three—perhaps half a dozen about, but I do not know of them!). There is, however, a Priest—a Jesuit—who unites, with remarkable completeness, a variety of gifts and graces alas! not often thus operative in one and the same personality. Père Leonce de Grandmaison is a gentleman born, a fine scholar, a most discriminating mind, a tactful, wise reader of the human heart—one who, I am sure, would never push anyone, condemn anyone, complicate anyone. Even sceptics speak of him with warm respect. If, then, you feel you would like to talk to a priest, and would wish for assurance that [it] would in no case do you harm—that, on the contrary, he

would be likely to understand you; and on the other hand, you renounce the expectation of meeting, in such a priest, one of the unmistakable big saints of God: Père de Grandmaison is your man. I do not know his present Paris address. But you will easily find it—either in the Paris Post-office directory or at the Jesuit's Church in the Rue de Sevres. But pray, pray, do not think I mean to push you to see him. Follow your own best light as it comes to you when your soul is quiet and humble.

If you feel inclined for one or two further spiritual books, here are two full of the interior life, and, I think easy to get in Paris. (1) Jean Nicolas Grou, *L'Ecole de Jesus Christ*. Published by Doyotte, 2 vols. Paris. (2) *Quelques Directeurs d' Ames du 17th Siècle*, Abbé Huvelin. Paris: Gabalda.

(Addresses by my saint, written down by others. Surely the life invisible throbs in these pages. If you are really coming to London I shall be glad if you will bring me two copies—I have only one left.)

How good and pleasant it will be to see you in London in relatively quiet Kensington; to have quiet talks, I hope three or four of them; perhaps, too, to take you to see my Carmelite daughter. But please if you do come over, let me know a week beforehand, so that I may arrange for you on my free afternoons (all afternoons except Saturday and Sunday). I much liked your mother in her genuine simplicity and her straightness of mind and heart.

Please pray for me and mine as I do for you and yours.

Yours very sincerely,

F. v. HÜGEL

Two classes of letters run risks of never getting written—those for which there is too little material, and those for which there is too much. You belong to the latter class for me; I put it off and off because I do not find the time in which to write about the crowd of things I want to refer to; and meanwhile this crowd keeps growing on and on.—So today I will force myself to start this scribble, and again will check myself not to make it too long. In this way I can hope to finish it today or tomorrow, without any serious set-back to my composition,—work which so ill brooks any rival writing, even tho' it be but simple letters.

First, let me report shortly about *An American Idyl* which I read very carefully. I fully understand its fascination for you in the beautiful unworldliness and devoted marital love of those two, kept so young by this great love. And I share your admiration for the book's style—so exactly right for the subject and its temper—and so strikingly fresh, plastic, and natural. I quite see that the book deserves my careful study, as a standard expression of a now prevalent temper and ideal; and I thank you much for making me know it. Its public spirit throughout is most attractive. But I am bound to be sincere and to admit that Carlton Parker impresses me far more as a character than as a thinker. As a thinker he remains astonishingly crude to the last—astonishingly so, seeing that, after all, a man of forty is not—or should not be—a child. He, at forty, writes and judges of philosophy and religion as a clever lad of seven-



teen. It is pages 111 to 119, and pages 129 to 131 that I am especially thinking of. They express a reaction,—an excessive, quite indiscriminating reaction, against a doubtless narrow and unwise religious upbringing,—a reaction quite understandable, say, at seventeen or twenty; but a reaction which, as kept still unbroken, without discrimination, without the slightest revision till forty, throws, for my feeling, an unfavorable, indeed an unpleasant, light upon his capacity, or at least upon his performances, as to any and all deep thinking. Wisdom comes only from experience and not from the Book (p. 116). As though one hundredth of his daring thinking—I mean thinking which would look timid beside his own restless flux of impressions—would not suffice to discover the book to be a great collection of books—books of the most various moods and helps—books, the literary precipitants of all experience—of the most precious of all experience—of religion. His untempered enthusiasm for Dewey and the behavioristic philosophy and pragmatic literature (pp. 116, 117, and elsewhere): again how crude, how impatient, how cock-sure it is! This, whilst psychology and especially the theory of knowledge were, at their best, getting away from,—plunging ever so much deeper than—these thin, superficial, glittering thinkers! And how utterly topsy-turvy is his finding a crowning instance of what pragmatistic, all-things-in-flux, feeling and living produced in the past, in Giotto's picture of the Madonna and the enthusiastic crowd which escorted it! (P. 118.) As if that had not been based—both as to the painting and the appreciation—upon the deepest, a general belief in the invisible, more than human, realities; upon a

stable, resilient tradition; upon not pragmatism, not behaviorism, not sheer humanism! I know quite well that the human element wants careful inclusion, and I do not doubt that psychology can and will help greatly in economic matters. I love him whenever he is truly positive, constructive, and in his less impatient moods. But really, as to religion directly, he has astonishingly little to teach one, unless it be to warn one against slap-dash renunciations!

Then there was the interesting convert and her vocation plans. My wife and I both liked her much, and we are greatly impressed with, and delighted at, her evidently profound and entirely unstrained (natural), supernatural happiness with those clearly austere Benedictinesses. It shows that the American Benedictine priest who advised her to try such an austere, field-working, and not a mitigated, literary form of Benedictine life was admirably in the right. And what a fine proof,—conclusive, I always feel, in its power and degree,—of the genuineness of the supernatural, is such a case as that of this no more girlish, cultivated, strong-willed, entirely exceptionally sane woman, finding her happiness in such a hard life, which derives all its sweetness from the spiritual, the supernatural grace which prompts it! I now firmly believe she will persevere and be professed. And how fine if she can eventually return to America, there to gather around her, and to test and train for a similar life, such souls as she may find there ready for, and (probably unknowingly) looking for such a life!

I have myself had, recently, occasion to defend,—to try and explain,—such a life to the widow of an Anglican Bishop and a very distinguished writer on medieval and

renascence Catholic Church History. Her niece has just become postulant at our Thekla's Carmelite convent in North Kensington. I found Mrs. ——— quite sensible, indeed truly sympathetic, toward our modern, active, directly philanthropic orders. But, as many even high Anglicans still are, she continues dominated by the severe warning the Protestant reformers addressed to the Almighty (without that the Almighty paid much attention to them), that He may *not* call any souls to a directly Contemplative and Adoring Life—that this would be necessarily idle, useless, displeasing to the Modern World and hence (of course) to Him! I told her I thought she could and would become fully convinced of her niece's happiness (which, if she had a vocation and remained in the convent would be sure to be with her) only if she could confine herself to quietly gathering and accepting the impressions which this niece would then make for her,—this without insisting upon understanding *why*, *how*, she is, she can be, happy. Such understanding would probably never become hers; but she could become sure of the happiness without such understanding.

Your daughters were so kind as to give me Lytton Strachey's *Queen Victoria*. Do tell them, please, that I am now finishing, my second, most careful reading, marking and making notes both of and on passages as I go along. The book is a veritable masterpiece as so much writing—the chief figures stand out with extraordinary vividness. Whether or no he is quite just to the queen, I do not yet feel sure of; nor can I really like the man who wrote the book as he shows himself in the writing of it, somehow.

But I am very sure that this book, even as an expression of a soul, is greatly superior to *Eminent Victorians* which, brilliant also, was marred through by cynicism and a determination to ridicule and to render despicable one figure after another.

I have taken due note, and with genuine pleasure, of your two references to the "Bollandists," as indicating your interest in them. I find that I exaggerated when I wrote that Père Delehaye had been twice put upon the index. He has not been put upon it at all. But his *Legends Hagiographiques* was officially forbidden for Seminary Lecture purposes or even private study by seminarists, as not making sufficient account of the supernatural element in Church History, an element without which Church History becomes incomprehensible.—This, as a censure uttered during the Pontificate of Pius X, is relatively slight. And indeed it is possible that Père D.'s writings are rather for mature men, for whom after all, they are primarily intended. So I continue to hope that you will care to help them, though I very deliberately do *not* want you to help them, if you do not come to feel, for your own self, that you like them and that they deeply deserve such help. They are most masculine minds, fitted to aid other men.

My *Essays* ought to be already out; but I have still heard nothing as to details of binding, etc.; so this, as so much else, is being delayed by our post war conditions. I want, when I have copies, to send the volume inscribed to your husband as well as to yourself, since I somehow thought of him not a little whilst writing the long preface to this collection.

We have had an interesting reception into the Church, by Eric Coleman, since he received yourself—a daughter of the late Mr. Meredith Townsend, joint editor with R. H. Hutton of the *Spectator* during many years. I think Mr. M. T. was a Unitarian; and she herself has been a sort of Catholic mystic for many years. And now she is a full, definite Catholic,—I have no doubt, a deep and tender one.

With best wishes for all your doing and being, and thanks for your letters, which I wish I could answer in all their subject matter,

Yours very sincerely,

F. v. HÜGEL

Let me strongly recommend your getting and studying: *The Problems of Reunion*: discussed historically in seven essays by Leslie T. Walker. London: Longmans, 255 pp. 1920 12/6 net.

An uncommonly sane and sensible, genial, most instructive volume.

✧ ✧ ✧

13 VICARAGE GATE
September 26, 1921

I possess and admire Philip Wicksteed's Aquinas book, though I have not yet really studied it. I will get and read carefully that Santayana article. I know both W. and S. a little personally. W. represents the higher Unitarianism: but I am told that he possesses now less of positive belief than he used to have. S. strikes me as a strongly Latin

mind,—this, more than Catholic, which some of my friends discover in him. But this article may change some of my notions concerning him.

F. v. HÜGEL



13 VICARAGE GATE

April 20, 1922

It is not many days ago that I received your most interesting long letter, and now that I have a secretary to whom once a week I can dictate my longer letters, I propose herewith to answer you thus quickly.

Pray let me tell you first of all how pleased I am that you should have read Wilfrid Ward's two volumes on his father, by far the finest thing, in my opinion, that he ever did. Those last essays of his are also interesting in their degree, and he never ceased to take great trouble about his actual mechanical writing; but it was the father who had something like real genius, and certainly a massive religious sense, whereas the son was much more derivative, literary, agreeable, and all sorts of other pleasant things, with little intuition, with no passion, and altogether much less of a thing than his, in some respects, impossible father.

I am also much struck with your parallel of an operation in a well appointed hospital and the experiences you went through at your reception. I think all you say about this is most true and deeply impressive. And again, I am so glad to hear about the Florentine sculptor and the fine

statues he is producing in Chicago; and need I tell you that what you say about myself is sincerely felt to be too much, and yet to be something which I must attempt to get a little nearer to.

You know well, my dear Mrs. Lillie, by now, how deeply I care for the scientific spirit, how much I admire it in Darwin and in your fine husband, and how much I strive that my own work may be always penetrated by it. You need then, I think, have no fear that I do not understand your admiration for it; I share it with you, as I think, to the full. And yet it seems to me that, from sheer enthusiasm, you become unconsciously unfair both to Science and to Religion. Unfair to Science, because if Science and Religion really produce interchangeable results, and you, notwithstanding, remain definitely religious, you will have, after all, to ask the Scientists more than, as such, they give,—indeed, I am sure, more than, as such, they *can* give. For all Science, and in the term I include history, psychology, etc., is essentially the ceaseless seeking, the ceaseless restating, the ceaseless discovering of error, and the substituting of something nearer to the truth. I do not see how Science can be asked to start with a definite God, with a definite Future Life, with anything like a Church; I think it cannot even end with anything more than a vague reverence and sense of a deep background—a very elementary Theism will, at best, and can hardly, be reached by it: such Theism will be, I believe, its maximum. Now, Religion, on the contrary, begins with a full affirmation of a Reality, of a Reality other and more than all mankind. It is certain of God, certain of Christ, certain of the Church.

It is a gift from above downwards, not a groping from below upwards. It is not like Science a coral-reef, it is more like a golden shower from above. Assimilate Religion to Science, and you have levelled down to something which, though excellent for Science, has taken from Religion its entire force and good; you have shorn Samson of his locks with a vengeance. On the other hand, force Science up to the level of Religion, or think that you have done so, and Science affirms far more than, as such, it can affirm, and you, on your part, are in a world of unreality. Let me illustrate this by the very example you give me of the death of Metchnikoff. His final words—"Do not fear for me, I am not afraid; I have had a Divine light: Science will solve the problems, the wonderful problems of existence":—I contrast with these Littré's last month's with his sense of awe, the feeling of whole new worlds coming upon him, worlds not of scientific discovery at all, but the worlds of contrition, of a sense of sin, of a sense of an immense over-againstness, of a huge Other before which he felt crushed and a nothing. In the former case we have the courage, the selflessness, the optimism, of a true scientist; in the latter we have the elementary religious instincts. The two things are quite uninterchangeable: my dear Mrs. Lillie, pray look out to keep, or to gain, the sense of this difference. May I, though it is a sacred memory to me, just refer to the death of my eldest daughter in Rome. She was no Scientist, but a Christian, and Catholic believer: she died loving God, with a sense of God, with an abandonment of herself into God's Hands, with a love of Christ as God with us, with a hope, with a trust, to be eternally with Them. Now, of course, I

do not quote this as anything but what occurs again and again among definitely religious souls, I only quote it to bring out, if I can, the difference, which very certainly is there, between the state of soul of the scientist simply as such, and the state of the definite religionist. Of course, the complete thing would be to have both, and certainly both have occurred again and again in the same soul. There was for instance, Lord Rayleigh, a great mathematician, a great physicist, who died not long ago, a devout High Anglican who had never missed daily Church since his early manhood.

It was sitting by the side of Abbé Huvelin that I, more vividly than ever before, realized the difference between these two levels, realized their respective necessity, their respective liberty. A splendid Greek scholar, as fine and free as is your Professor as a biologist, and with a fear and horror of the interference of theologians, this sane man was absorbed in the love and service of God, and of his neighbors for the sake of God. For myself I must have both movements: the palace of my soul must have somehow two lifts—a lift which is always going up from below, and a lift which is always going down from above. I must both be seeking and be having. I must both move and repose.—But it is as well that I should stop now: the thing is not merely to see these things but to practise them: to *be* is a very different affair.

With kindest regards from us all three, and with cordial respects to the Professor,

Yours very sincerely,

F. VON HÜGEL

May 5, 1922

Upon attaining today the age of seventy, with its pensive scriptural connotation, I have been reminded of you, the kind friend beyond the ocean in two ways which invite me to write this P.S. to that long letter of mine—

One thing springs from your kind question as to how to procure copies of my *Mystical Element*. That will, I believe, be now pretty soon quite easy, since a Mr. Algar Thorold has now definitely undertaken to see a new edition, practically a reprint, through the press, so that I hope the thing will again be on sale, say by next Easter at latest.

The other thing has been vividly brought to my mind by my present renewed reading of my late friend, Mgr. Duchesne's wonderful letters to me. I am busy getting ready a little letter to the *Times Literary Supplement* about this great Early Christian scholar. The point is the steady support Duchesne got, amidst many difficulties, in the Bollandists. And this reminds me of your invitation to me to suggest some work for you to help, and my answering by proposing the Bollandists. Of course you are absolutely free in the matter; I only want to make sure that in the midst of your wide and multiform activities you are not forgetting these noble scholars and their work and influence. *There* is science, as true and as noble, as is that of the Natural Scientists; all the various knowledges ever more carefully pursued are wanted.

With renewed warm messages to you all

Yours very sincerely,

F. v. HÜGEL

Thank you much for your fine long last letter. I think I had better try to answer it at once.

I am so glad that you should go on being so happy, now two years from the time when you took the big step at the Carmelites here; and your happiness has got nothing hectic or alarming about it: one feels that you are morally certain to continue to the end.

As to my *Mystical Element*, I am glad to be able to say that Mr. Dent has started now, or is going to one of these days, the setting up in type of the new edition, and that he hopes to have it out by Whitsuntide. The book will be a simple reprint, of course with all clear errors corrected, of the original edition, except that he lets me print a new Preface of sixteen pages before the old one, which will bring up the chief objections raised to the book and such answers as I will have to them. It will also then give short accounts of the chief books which have appeared on the subjects treated by me since it first came out.

I am very happy in being able to be systematically busy over my new book, pouring out twice a week to my shorthand secretary what has been stored up in my head for quite a number of years. When this will be finished, I do not know; but I do know that the Gifford Lectureship has all come to an end, for I had, in decency of conscience, to let the Committee and Senatus at Edinburgh know that I felt sure that I could never, two or three years hence, have sufficient physical strength to lecture there in two succes-

sive years, giving ten lectures each year; the book I did not despair of, and I hoped to be able to get to Edinburgh when it was all done for some new addresses upon it. The Committee has been most kind, but could not see their way to letting me simply furnish the book and a small indeterminate number of Addresses upon it. All this, however, is not yet public, and will not be until the Senatus on December 7th accepts the recommendations of the Committee, which I have no doubt they will do. After all, the whole thing has been nothing but kindness from beginning to end, and I remain cheered by the fact that I was selected for what is certainly the finest Lectureship on these great subjects in the world.

How very charming and cheering is your account of your Uncle, younger than ever in mind at seventy-four, and reading evidently the very finest books. He reminds me of Dr. James Martineau at ninety-two, who, when Wilfred Ward invited him to join the Synthetic Society, answered that he gladly did so since he had been unable to grow old without developing an ardent desire to learn.

I am so glad that he has read that fine book, Gairdner's *Lollardism*. He will be interested to know how, about thirty years ago, when I lived up at Hampstead, Gairdner was consulted by letter as to the value of the books on the Protestant Reformation which stood then on the shelves of an old-fashioned, predominately Unitarian Library, which I had to do with for its enlargement and improvement. James Gairdner wrote that all that section of the Library was simply worthless and had become waste paper, for that during the last thirty years the whole outlook

amongst scholars of competence as to that period had undergone a profound change. Thus, for instance, we had Burnett's *History of the Protestant Reformation*, but that what we required was this book as edited by N. Pocock, in seven volumes, "in which some few of the thousands of lies contained in the original are refuted." Why should not your Uncle read this noble book? It is published by the Clarendon Press, Oxford, and costs, or used to, 1 pound 10/.

But let me besides recommend to you both the three following books. First, *Liturgica Historia*, by Edmund Bishop (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 30/net). I knew Mr. Bishop well, a great scholar, one of Lord Acton's disciples, whose only faults, in my mind, were those of his master. He had a persistent irritation against Philosophy, or what he took to be such; and again, his suspicion and antipathy towards the Vatican were, as I know well, from far greater personal experience than ever had Bishop, distinctly excessive. But neither of these points appears, I think, in his great book, which, though simply a collection of detached pieces, is really golden.

Then there has just appeared *Western Mysticism* by Dom Cuthbert Butler O.S.B. (London, Constable, 18/net). This is a thoroughly scholarly book, by a late Abbot, also my friend, himself trained by Bishop. The book develops carefully the main facts and convictions in the Mysticism of St. Augustine, St. Gregory the Great, and St. Bernard; and attempts to show how sober and almost universally practicable is what they teach. He does not as directly emphasize what he does not want, the Mysticism

which is, to his mind, over-penetrated by Dionysius the Areopagite, those strange writings which we now know very well to be older than about 490 A.D., and which only gained their full hold upon Mystical writers after the Crusades had brought to Europe similar productions from the East. I have not yet read the book, but I shall be surprised if I do not find it a little too sensible, but we shall see.

And lastly, there is a charming book, delightfully cheap in these miserable days of heavy-priced books; the work is in two volumes, little ones, at 3/6 each (London, Washbourne). They are respectively, *The Inner Life of Dame Gertrude More*, and *The Spiritual Writings of Dame Gertrude More*. She was a grand-daughter of Sir Thomas More, and was a delightfully large, simple, richly religious soul. She died quite young, and has been little known outside her Benedictine Order till this new edition, composed in part of never printed material, appeared three or four years ago.

None of these books is "convert literature." I quite agree with Uncle and Niece that that is, upon the whole, very poor stuff. I have long ago got beyond it, or, at least, away from it, if ever I liked it at all, which I rather doubt. Still, even here we should go somewhat warily, for St. Paul's Epistles are great, are they not, and surely that is a convert through and through! Again, St. Augustine's Confessions are immortal, and there again is a mind which to the last retained much of the temper of the convert.

As to Tract Ninety, in particular, it is certainly a wonderful piece of special pleading, and Newman himself lived to think so. Still it is true that all such legal documents, where the question of submission to them is raised, do not

deserve more and other allegiance than what they objectively declare or imply and apart from the motives of the framers of such documents. And Ideal Ward used to say, with one of his big laughs, that those reforming fellows richly deserve to have anyone escape from their clutches if, in simple decency, he could manage it.

I am interested to find that you like so much those little books of Father Roche's. He was, you know, at one time a close friend of Father Tyrrell's. His is a fine, delicate mind, and his books bear the impress of it.

Mr. Thorold I, of course, know well; he has been most kind and useful about this new edition of my big book, and will accordingly be warmly thanked in my new Preface. He is seeing the book through the press as its chief proof-reader. But, though I cannot help feeling flattered at this kind thought of coming over to you and lecturing on my Philosophy, I found myself compelled not to accept the generous offer. The facts are that I felt, simply for myself, that to accept being lectured on in one's lifetime is hardly modest; and then again, I have never written for the public at large, and I am most anxious that nothing I ever write should be pushed. Let these poor things go down and take root and produce fruit, if and where and when the God Who is so kind to the birds and to the plants cares to bless them to this degree.

As to Mr. Thorold's *Edinburgh Review* article upon me, I feel that I am hardly the person to say anything about it; but I see two things plainly enough;—one big thing, that he has done his work very carefully and most generously; and the other is that on one point he has, probably

quite through my fault, mistaken what I mean. He writes as though I held that all souls of all men in all times and places, except through their own fault, are possessed of a genuine sense of God as such. Now, mysterious though it be that the facts prevent my holding it, yet the facts as I know them most certainly do. I have nowhere, as far as I know, articulated such a doctrine, and certainly, for the last thirty years, at least, it has never been part and parcel of my mind. What I do hold is something very distinct from this. I have the general principle in my head that we are influenced by realities of all kinds, however finite and fleeting, in all sorts of manners and ways, quite apart from our consciousness of these influences, and still more, far more, than our right articulation and interpretation of these our experiences: and this principle I apply also and in a sense above all other realities to God. Although I do not think that all men are clearly aware of His Presence, and although still fewer are capable of articulating this dim consciousness directly, yet these same men may very well present to the observer who is himself fully aware of that great ultimate fact, sufficiently clear traces of the influence of that reality in those other souls. Then I was surprised to find that Mr. Thorold carefully drove home the fact that at least primitive Buddhism is without any conviction or idea of God. I thought I had in my *Eternal Life* made it quite clear that I was fully aware of the fact and that at the same time I thought I could actually use it as so much evidence in favour of my general contention. I still think that a downright observation on the part of those Buddhists as to the sickening character of all mere change, that their longing

for Nirvana, for the complete cessation of all consciousness such as theirs, thus penetrated with a sense of mere change and hence of pure desolation, I think that this is quite magnificent as a prolegomenon of all religion. I take it to my mind quite simply as one of the most striking effects of the Real Presence of God also in those men's minds. It is because they have the dim, inarticulate sense of what the Abiding means that the mere slush of change is so sickening,—a change not of growth, not of full establishment in Faith and Light, but a sheer racket; something fairly like what the evening newspapers of our most enlightened times tend to produce in the minds of their unhappy devotees.

And finally, as to the Bible. I trust that you will not neglect the Apocrypha, or what I much prefer to call the Deutero-Canonical Books. Surely the First Book of the Maccabees is a magnificent piece of heroic religious history, and the first part of the Book of Wisdom—where is there anything more beautiful in the Bible before you come to the New Testament? And Tobit, in spite of Luther's violent abuse, remains a sweet and darling book. Even Tobit strikes me always as really more helpful than, say, the Canonical Book of Esther.

Yours very sincerely,

F. v. HÜGEL

(pp. S.B.)

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This reminds me of Thekla's most sensible Mother Pri-
oress, who always speaks with much irritation of the way
in which the Irish Members of the British House of Com-

mons used year after year to oppose the Government Inspection of Convents. She was sure, she said, of two things,—that the substance of the life they were leading was sincere, wholesome, and truly supernatural, and why should not anyone and everybody who cared to do so, come and look at it whenever they chose? They might possibly end by seeing it in its true colours. And then again, she was equally certain that nuns are not always wise or experienced in matters of health of different sorts, and hence that such Government Inspections would often be useful to them.

F. v. H.

(pp. S.B.)



13 VICARAGE GATE

March 29, 1924

Pray forgive me for being so late in thanking you for your kind and interesting letter, and, indeed, for leaving you so many months without any sign of life. My excuse must be that not only have I striven to utilize every scrap of strength available for the getting on of my book but also that ever since before Christmas I have felt unusually weak in psychic and brain force. Indeed some ten days ago my wife found me most strangely feeble and she called in my Doctor who at once discovered that all the vital symptoms were acutely wrong; he could not doubt that unless the quite unindicated new access of vital strength were to come promptly I must die within the next few hours; so a trained nurse came in at once and that fine Scholar Carmelite Fa-

ther Benedict Zimmerman, a much admired priest-friend came and gave me Extreme Unction. I was quite unconscious of what was happening at the time and both he and my wife knew well that that was what I wanted them to do. Within the next two or three hours all was changed and since then all the symptoms have been remarkably good. Still I am confined to my bedroom and dressing gown and must be careful not to overtax my strength. So you will forgive me please if this letter is not only belated but dull as well.

There is just one little set of details I should like to put down:—The names of two authors who have come up before me. The one is Madame Elisabet Le Seur who died in 1913. Her Journal published after her death by her husband, now a Dominican, is assuredly a very striking document, the hidden history of a rarely large soul and its growth into holiness especially under the mixed happiness and suffering of a marriage full of mutual affection but bereft of unity in faith. And then, later on, the husband, a very distinguished and attractive type of Sceptic, comes to the fulness of his wife's faith through the study of her journey. What I particularly love in the book is the wonderful combination, both in her and then in him, of an ardent, all transfiguring faith with the rarest generosity of judgment concerning even the most militant of the unbelievers amidst whom she habitually lived. I suspect that her *Lettres à des Incroyants* and *Lettres sur la Suffrance* must also be very fine, but certainly this *Journal* (together with the *In Memoriam* published with it) is a very rare book.

Then I have been much pleased with this new edition

made straight from the manuscript of Walter Hilton's *Scale of Perfection*, that noble 14th Century Book, by an Elder Confrère of Thomas à Kempis, not doubtless quite so deep and delicate as Thomas but astonishingly sane and sage, a classic in its way. The book has been hopelessly out of print for some thirty years now, and, so far as I know (I am no specialist as regards this Author), Mrs. Stuart Moore has done her work very thoroughly. I remember how some thirty years ago your American Archbishop Keane, when we had him in Rome, used to recommend the book. He had formed himself upon it primarily.

As I sit in my armchair cut off largely from study and unable to be very detailed even in prayer, my mind roams often out away in your parts full of affectionate memories concerning what you have done and strive to do and full of good will and best wishes for that fine man, your husband, and those attractive young creatures, your children. How pleasant if you could come again amongst us for a bit, but even without such visible presence we can keep the memory and image of our friends very near to our mind and active recollection.

Yours in cordial sincerity,

F. v. HÜGEL



NOTES ON MY LAST CONVERSATION WITH BARON
FRIEDRICH VON HÜGEL, OCTOBER, 1924

He seemed far from well, found it hard to get up and down and was quite heavy and breathless, but his mind was as clear as ever.

"Father Eric was a little anxious about your sticking it out. It seemed too easy to him." "Ah, but, Baron, he didn't realize who had been preparing me." He smiled.

"I said of you what had been said to me by my great and good director the Abbé Huvelin. 'She must be herself in the Church. She is original, but her cross will come somehow.' To be yourself doesn't mean a militant cocksure Catholic. 'A director will probably come to help her.'"

Apropos of my interest in the liberal-modernist theological writings of the university where I live he said "Of course your training has been such as to make you understand the Protestant theological spirit and, in some ways, Catholic theology is backward. Do you really believe that Protestant books are enough? You must take the trouble to find out the Catholic literature. Never read a Protestant book as standing by itself."

He was afraid for the supernatural in all this, "Are you weighted enough to stand it?"

"The beauty, dignity and resourcefulness of the Church are its constant reassurance."

"There are problems in the Church of course but they must be handled with delicacy."

"You are so quickly comfortable in Protestant criticism and you are not enough informed in Catholic opportunities and ideals. It is wise to get a deep and wide foundation of Catholic experience and not be too hand-in-glove with theological radicalism."

"If we are too easy with these others we shall not get helps for the Church."

“Patient, reserved and thoroughly learned, you must be.”

Apropos of the inclusiveness of the Church he said that at the left of the high altar in San Marco Venice there was a really preposterous superscription praising the learning of Savanarola. It was crude and juvenile, but there it was. “There are two movements of the soul. One is not so safe and the other is safe. The safer one is a circular motion around the central truths of life like pigeons circling around their pigeon-house. The other movement is unsafe alone. It is that of the intelligence, moving on and on, fascinated by the lure of further knowledge, following a certain distant life. It is apt to be feverish.”

He kissed my hand.

“I am an old man and may never see you again. I do not know much and if I have in any way offended you by what I have said please forgive me and forget it all.”



On January 31, 1925, Rev. Eric M. Coleman, O.D.C., who had known Baron von Hügel familiarly for many years, wrote:

From the *Universe* of to-day I have learnt the death of the Baron von Hügel. He peacefully died on Jan. 27th. R.I.P. There was a Requiem at the Carmelite church this morning, and afterwards the body will be taken to Downside Abbey near Bath to be buried.

He was a very holy old man and a perfect type of Christian humility.



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